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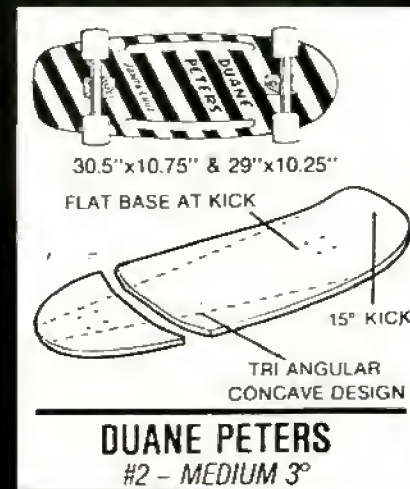
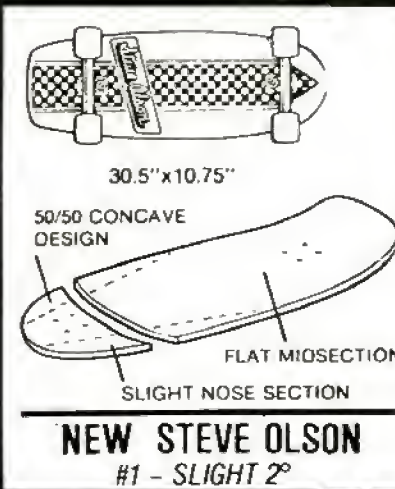
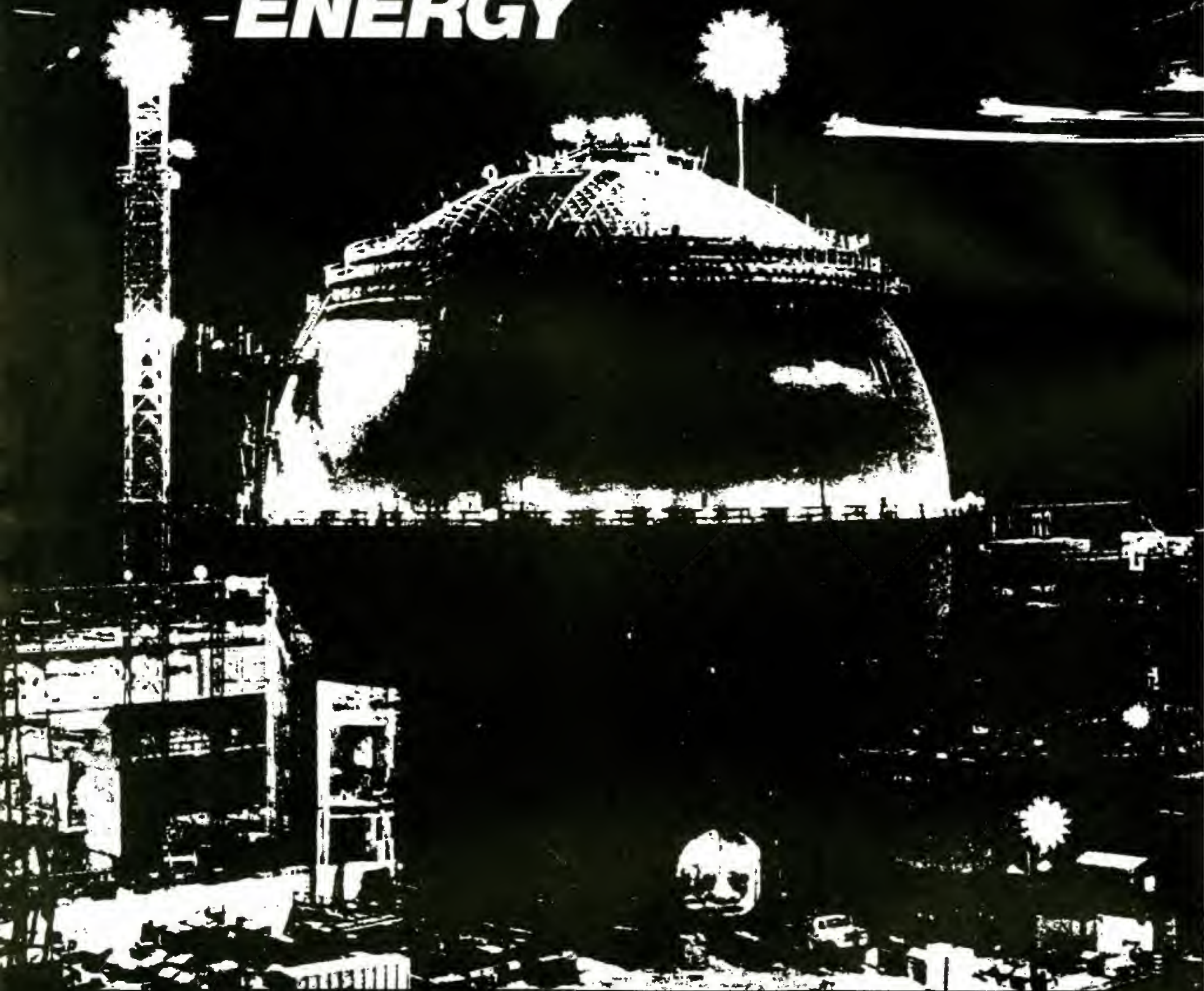
SKATEBOARD MAGAZINE™

L.A. PARKS Part II



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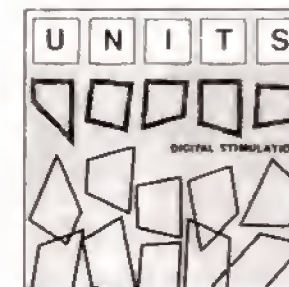
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—Michael Snyder, Boulevards Magazine



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THRASHER

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Cover: Demonstrating amazing footwork, Allan Lasi pops a fakie foot-plant ollie at Colton.
Back Cover: Mike Folmer checking out possibilities—high up in a Florida barrel.

ROCK SKATE N' ROLL IN L.A.



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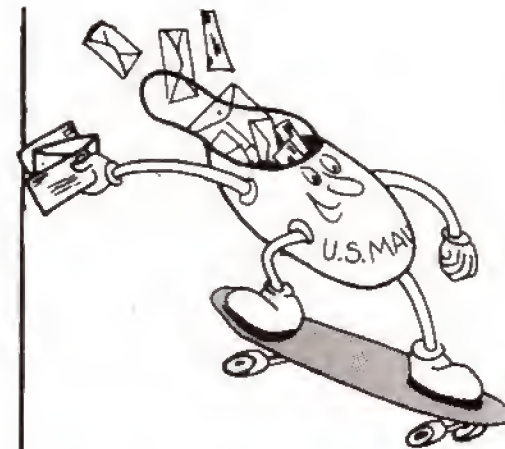
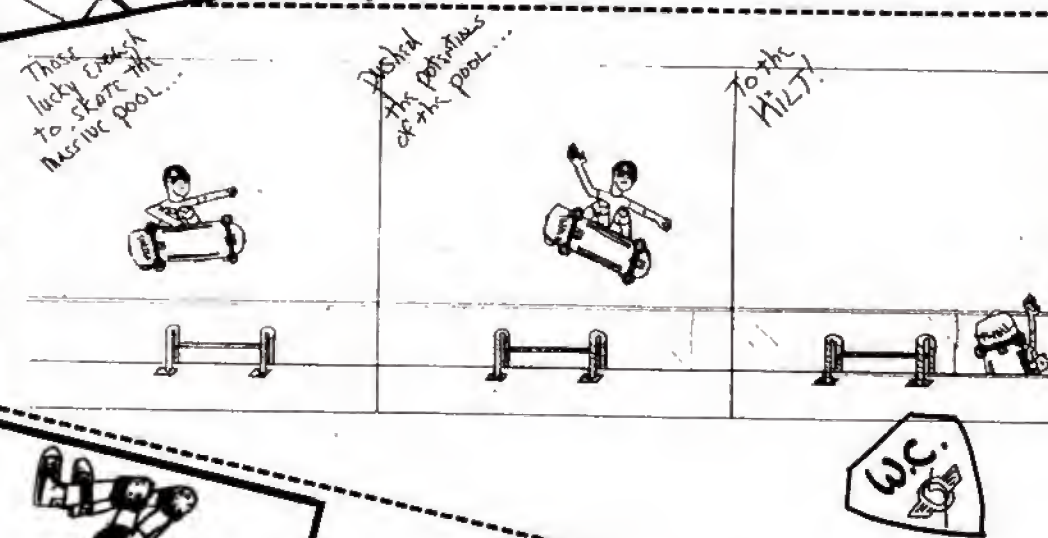
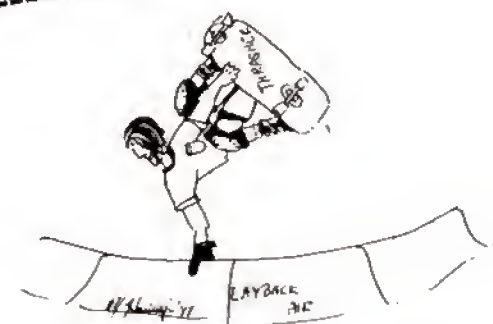
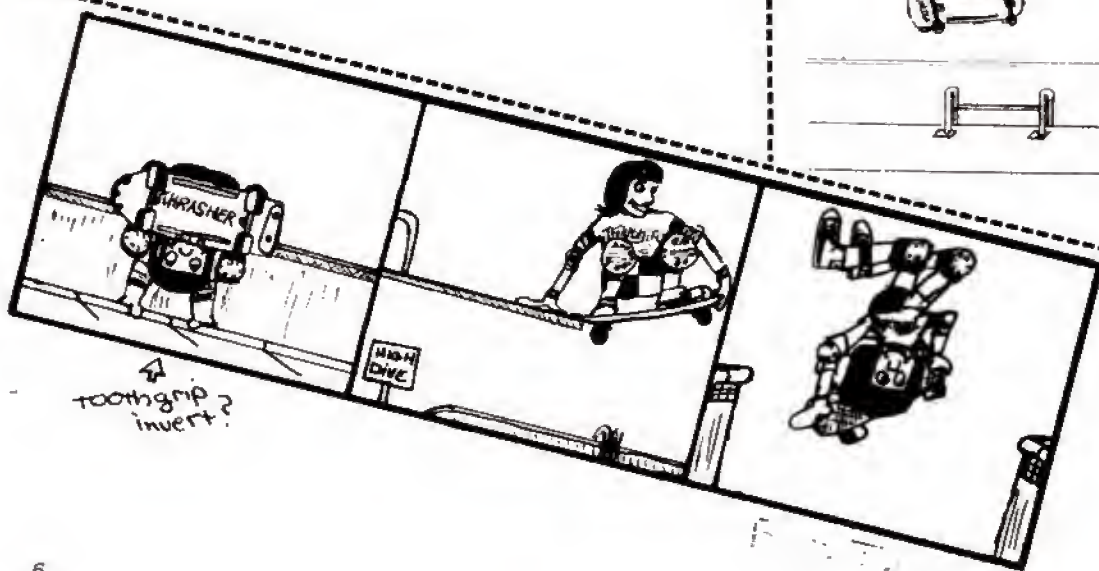
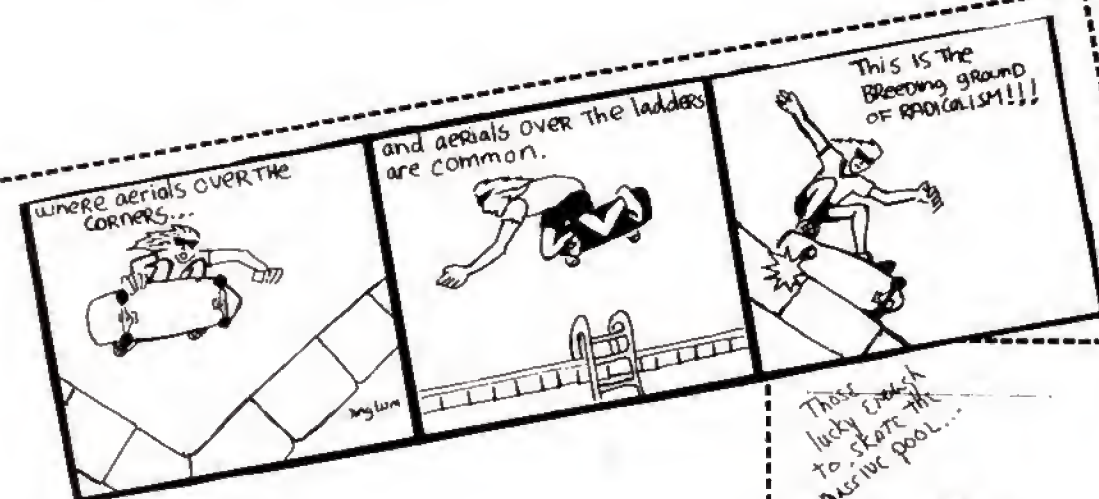
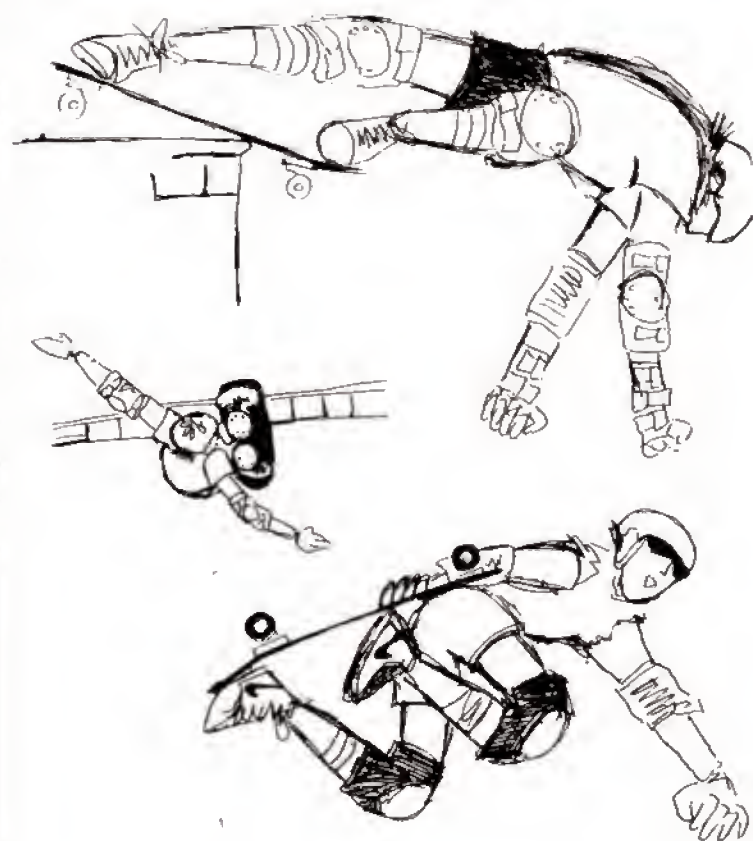
TALKING ED

First off, I would like to extend a big "thank you" to everyone who has written a letter, sent photos, or bought a subscription to THRASHER. Our MAIL DROP has been running 100% positive skate energy, because that is all we receive. From the very beginning, before we even had put out the first issue, we knew that skaters all over the world were demanding an all skateboard publication.

THRASHER is dedicated to giving you all the info that we can possibly gather about skating. Part of this task must be taken up by you, the skater, to help us the magazine, cover the sport in depth and in fact. As a young skater I used to pass the time between skate sessions or on rainy days, by drawing cartoons depicting skate action. Sometimes I would design the "ultimate skatepark" or a new skateboard. It was all on paper and more often than not it ended up in the trash can; but the fact remains that I could not get enough of skating by just going out and doing it. I would dream of skating perfect pools while asleep at night. While traveling in a car my eyes would always be on the lookout for possible skate spots. A night out with the boys meant pumping down suburban-tree-lined streets with "the Bug," "Blackthing" and other skate dogs in tow. Skating abandoned pools by lanterns and flashlights were part of the nightly routine, and parties were attended by crashing through the front door. Now, although I'm editor of a big time magazine and I don't have as much free time as in the "old days," there is still nothing I would rather do with an extra hour than ride my skateboard.

One of the highlights of this issue is the publication of the winners of our comic contest. The three winners were chosen for their artistic ability as well as their interpretation of the original comic (Vol. 1 #2). I was blown away by the amount of response from that contest. Entries came from everywhere and although some weren't much more than pencil scratchings, they were all packed with the same kind of energy that prompted me to start drawing skate cartoons many years ago. Some examples of other entries have been reproduced on this page as a gesture of thanks to all the skaters who sent in entries.

—K.T.



MAIL DROP

LOCAL ACTION? THRASHER,

Dear sirs I'm a rad skater from Vallejo, Ca. Well, I moved here from S.F. not so long ago. To get to the point I want to know if you can do an article on S.F. skaters. P.S. More Stevie Caballero. Thanks!!

P.S.S. THRASHER IS NUMBER 1.

—Danny Arnoldo,
Vallejo, Ca.

THRASHER,

Just wanted to let you know us skaters in G'boro, N.C. think you got the best mag around. We appreciate the coverage of streets as well as parks and specially like the well written articles.

How about a series of team profiles like Santa Cruz, Powell-Peralta, Sims and G&S. We're going to send pictures soon.

—Steve Frost,
Greensboro, N.C.

THRASHER,

I can really get into your mag. It rules. Except the punk part. You haven't ruined everything by mixing in other sports. How about some heavy metal? Anyway, I'm sending \$1.00 for 1 sticker, 1 button.

—Michael McGorical,
Miami, Fla.

It's all rock 'n' roll. Later. —Ed.

THE BIG BIG CITY THRASHER,

I still can't believe you haven't covered the skaters in New York City. We have some of the most radical terrain in the nation. If you want curbs to jump, ledges to drop off of, or concrete grinders, then Manhattan is the place. I don't mean to knock everybody else, but skaters in N.Y. can ride anything. And why doesn't Brad Bowman or Stacy Peralto visit us during one of their cross-country skate promos, after all, skateparks are not everything. As a famous poet once said, "Man cannot live by skateparks alone."

—Charles
"Capt. Skateboard" McCain
N.Y., N.Y.

Captain check out Exposure in our March issue for some N.Y. action. We'll pass the word to Stacy and B.B.

—Ed.

THRASHER,

I just got your mag about a week ago and it's hot! We don't get THRASHER down here so I had to get it from my friend Tex Gibson. I think your staff is hot, especially B.B. whom I met when he passed through here. Your mag is hot and we'd like to have it down here. Also, if you can, try to relay this message to Bowman—RETURN! Good Luck.

P.S. We shred down here, too! Give us some coverage!

—Eric Jarvis,
Houston, Texas

Tell your skate shop to get the mag from his distributor or direct from us. Check out the heavy coverage of Dallas; as for B.B. the message is given. Texas rips. —Ed.

REWRITE

I'm so stoked I just had to write again! My subscription just brought me your March issue. It is the best mag that ever existed! The whole mag is radical beyond dementia! You don't have to publish this, but don't change your mag at all! It's perfection in the flesh!! DEVO, REO, EAGLES, AC/DC RULE.

—D.M.—The Mad Skateboarder

Our motto: For skateboarders, by skateboarders and all about skateboarding.

—Ed

THRASHER,

Your mag blows my mind! It's great—Hot skaters, Hot photos, excellent interviews and interviewers and nothing else! Excellent! But I need a THRASHER sticker or two even (please). Peters rules and so do you!

Skateboardingly yours,
Blair Wilson
Calgary, Canada

You are most kind—how about sending a one dollar contribution to your favorite mag and we'll flow a sticker and a button. Later. —Ed.

Go ahead, gamble a stamp and tell us where you're at. Tell us where skateboarding is at! Send newsworthy items and related black-and-white photos to: THRASHER, P.O. Box 24592, San Francisco, CA 94124.



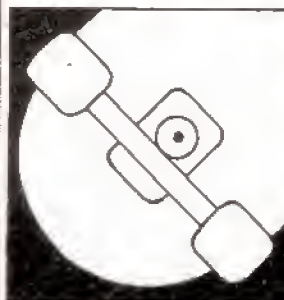
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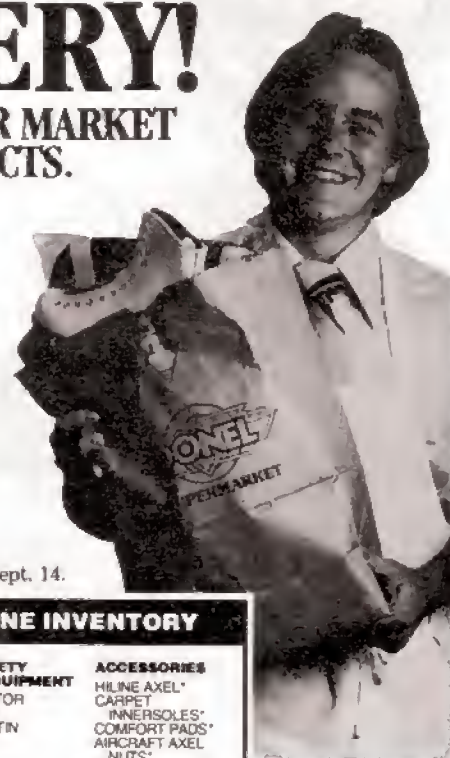
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L.A. SKATEPARK PARADISE

Part II

2000 miles on the odometer, 20
rolls of film, a spilling over ashtray,
pages of notes and a heavy case
of insomnia were the results of our
four-day foray into L.A.

As usual, our base of operations
while in Tinsel Town was the resi-
dence of staff photographer Rich
Rose, a.k.a. "Captain Video." Upon
arriving at his home we found him
deeply involved in conversation
about the virtues of one gun color
as opposed to three gun. His eyes
were noticeably dilated after hav-
ing spent the previous 6 hours
adjusting his 19" remote controlled,
custom designed T.V.

Soon after our arrival he decided
that voltage modulation was caus-
ing his picture to deteriorate in the
blue factor—therefore he
embarked on another sequence
of color corrections and adjust-
ments which finally culminated in
obtaining the ultimate color pic-
ture. Meanwhile, Kevin and I pro-
ceeded to unload the staff car,
which was stuffed with skate-
boards, photo equipment and
other miscellaneous tools that are
vital to properly thrash the con-
crete medium.

Having set up our command
post we contacted our man about
town and L.A. correspondent
extraordinaire Jerry Hurtado, a.k.a.
"Potato Head." He informed us that
as soon as he finished devouring
a newly purchased three-pound
avocado he would be available
to begin planning the week's
activities. While waiting for P.H. to
conclude his vegetarian feast we
were surprised by a visit from Alva,
who merely wanted to inform us
that a well known, but now defunct
skatepark was available for skating
and that we should get our
shit together, call some of the
boyz and get on with a session.
T.A., being the persuasive type,
quickly convinced us that this was
a must on our schedule. Calls
were made to Olson, B.B. and P.H.,
who by this time was winding up
his feast. They all agreed that it
was a go and that we should meet
there within an hour. After a stop
at the 7-11 for suds and munchies
we headed out to our destination
—the spot was as shreddable now
as it was during its skatepark heydays.
The real shock was finding Tv Pnne



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Nighttime madness at Upland. Tim Galvin in the spotlight.

Rich Rose



ripping the banks, Ty slides, 360s and two-footed high-speed nose wheelies were routine. Because of the secret nature of this spot, the locals requested that we not blow their scene by advertising its location, so all you tanatics that at this very minute are craving, well suck-off. If you think you're happening just check ON BOARD for clues. Fuji's Mexican Food in North Long Beach was the mandatory food stop after our outlaw session with avotacos, egg rolls and fried rice being the order of the day. I picked up the action on the next day with burly huevos rancheros a la Rich

Rose, after which we headed out for Lakewood Center and a session at everybody's favorite half-pipe. Lakewood's been around for a few years and was once the home for Olson, Strople and other top pros. The double bowls, although showing heavy wear, are still happening, but the place where it really flows is the half-pipe. Two years ago this structure was the site of a now legendary contest and just a few months back it showed it was still the place to flow when it was host to another pro encounter (THRASHER, #2).

The park is presently going

through an expansion program, with a freestyle-roller rink area having just been completed and a clam-shaped bowl also under construction by pool designer/builder Wally Holiday. Before splitting and heading out to Upland we paid a visit to the one and only Dave Middleman, who just happens to operate the complete pro-shop. He has every conceivable skateboard product and an assortment of tools to assemble boards in seconds.

At Upland we found Micke Alba and his pals ripping the combi pool; within minutes B.B. and Olson

joined the gathered skaters for a little "expression session." In my opinion, the combi pool ranks with Winchester's bowl as the two most radical spots in the world. After sessioning the pool, the 15-foot bowl grabbed the attention of our squad, who committed themselves, to two-wheel edge carves en masse. We couldn't convince D.H. to take us out to dinner (something about us not being suited to his "preppie lifestyle"), but fortunately Micke suggested that we drive around Upland and skate some street terrain. We ended up skating an intense

Brad Bowman



Being the most radical park, makes Upland the natural choice of T.V. producers.

Chris Miller fakie grinds the pipe's edge.



Off the hip acid-drop, Steve Alba





Colton's snake run is definitely state-of-the-art.
Roland Cobalis pops air over the hip.

"Ziggy" Siegfried hovers over the pool on his way to a four point landing.



Rich Rose

brick-banked area which was located above a freeway, way cool and fun. A craving for vertical had everyone returning to the Pipeline for a final rad session. D.H. could not believe his eyes, for no sooner had he recovered from the afternoon shock of having his "preppie lifestyle" shook to the core, he then had to withstand crazed skaters disrespectfully stepping on his penny loafers. Finally "Video King" decided that he could no longer live without a dose of T.V., and we heard the usual "hey guys I'm really tired" bit. Thus once again

D.H. was spared the embarrassment of being amongst live skate rowdies. The Pipeline left its mark on our Production Manager Andy Craft, who wrenched his knee on a bail out from 10 o'clock. Thus his duties for the remainder of the weekend were of the rolling variety coming from Pedro Point we knew we were in good hands. The next morning we kicked-off the day with eggs-on-a-shingle by K.T. and of course two liters of coffee. The command post had endured once again, and a two-hour cleaning session left the place livable. With our cleaning



"Go with the flow". Canyon air, Mark Norbay, Colton.

A modern site. The Ranch, Colton, Ca.



dues behind us we then left for our final destination. The Ranch at Colton and a session with Allan Losi and the Colton crew. The San Bernadino area never looked better, the mountains were covered with bright hues of green and red and the temperature was in the 70's, killer for skating. As we arrived at the Ranch Gil Losi and son Jr. were pulling in, they, along with Gil's wife Janet, operate this beautiful facility. K.T. wanted to get some skate time on the snake run, so he immediately hopped on his stick for a quick session. Allan Losi showed up soon after our arrival

and quickly began to rip the Holiday Bowl and the older 12 footer. Colton is probably the most modern park built to date. It contains varied terrain—snake run (best in the West), pools (Holiday and 12 footer), half-pipe (killer), reservoir (great for banked freestyle) and slalom run. The park also features a locker and shower room, a must feature for future designs. Unfortunately our time in L.A. was over, our ruthless publisher wanted us back by Monday A.M., so we bid 'laters to our hosts and split for home, fortunately for us, Croft just rolled on.



Straight arm-invert. Bill Dangelo, Colton.



Partial view of Lakewood Center, the double bowls are in the background.



Lakewood's half-pipe remains state of the art.

Stevie Caballero is the focus of attention. Lakewood.



Paul Woodbridge

Well, that concludes our story on the parks of L.A., a virtual skateboard paradise. Not only is L.A. a hotbed for park action, but on our journeys into the area we found that all types of concrete are looked to for skate possibilities.

The geography of the area provides skaters with every conceivable skate situation imaginable. If it's downhill you crave, there are plenty of roads in the surrounding mountains. Heavy runoff

during winter rains demands the construction of drainage ditches and cement channels—when dry these banks host a large cult of non-park type skaters.

At one time the L.A. basin contained up to fifteen parks, although a few have closed, there are still many fine parks in operation. If you are planning a visit to Southern California don't forget your stick—skateboarding has never been better.

—Dudley Counts

Rich Rose, a.k.a. "Captain Video".



Reseda's snake-runs are Eric Grisham's playground.

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MISSION: POSSIBLE



Urban terrorist at work, Folmer checks it out before the assault.

"Skating's ultimate high has got to be riding illegal concrete barrels."



On January 25th Scott McCranel and myself rose at 5:30 a.m., packed a day's lunch and took off, scouting for what we heard were 18 to 20 foot pipes somewhere in the palmetto thickets of Florida. These pipes, although we can't say WHERE they were or WHAT they were there for, were heavily guarded.

What normally took an hour's drive turned into a twenty-three minute trip, thanks to our Fuzzbuster II. When we arrived we met Hunter Joslin and crew and were then ready for a midmorning security check which was required before we could skate. We first observed the nearest guard station from the bushes outside the fence. As we peeked through the bushes our minds could NOT believe our eyes. There were hundreds of pipes. We waited for the hourly guard check in a brightly colored truck. The nature of the penalty for being caught and the chances of escape were unknown to us. But it was a chance we were willing to take.

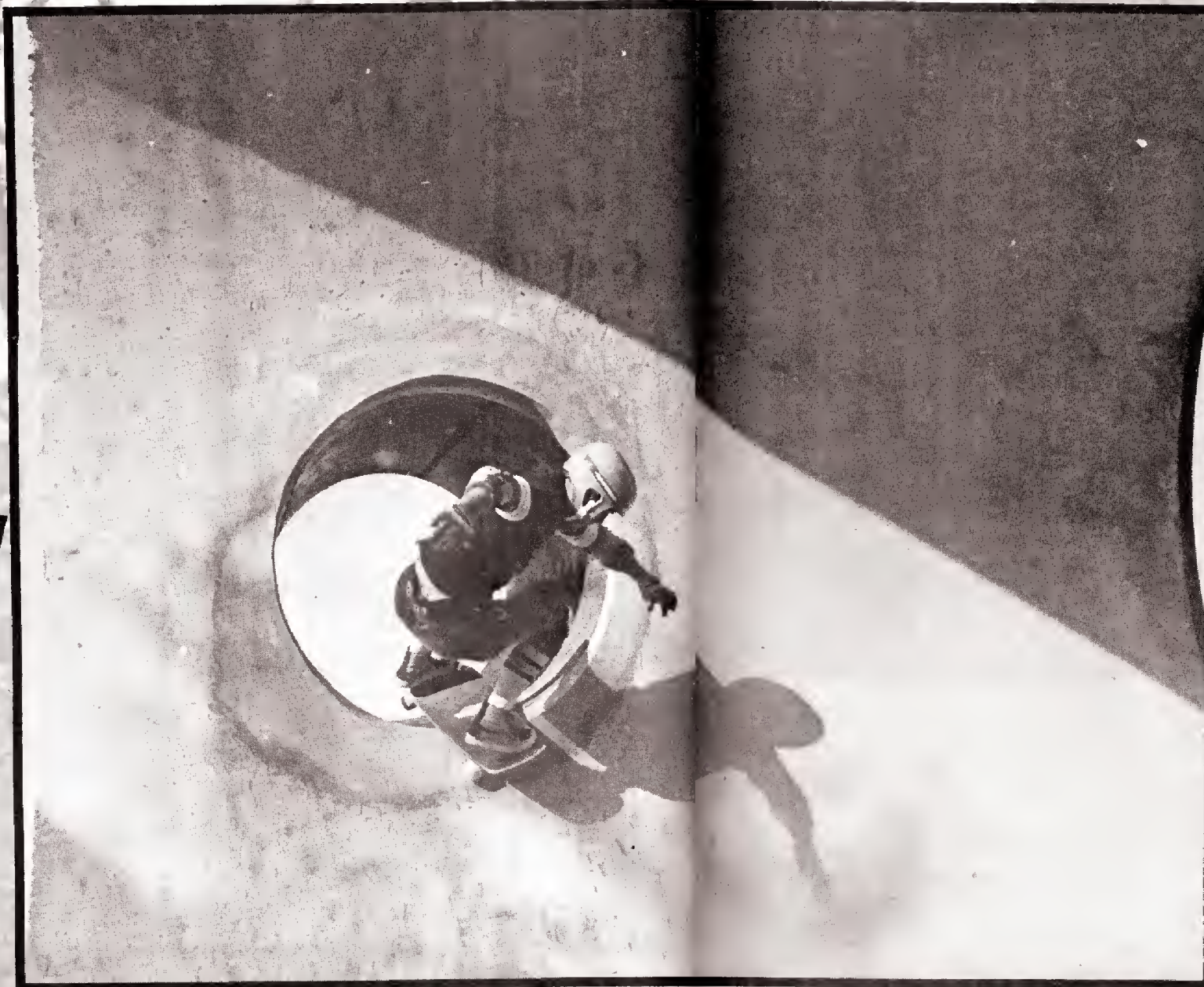
Then we made our move over the fence which was clearly posted, "NO TRESPASSING." Instantly, we were on the grounds and in the pipes. When we stepped into the pipes time seemed to slow, for we came under the trance that only 18 foot pipes can induce. Skating's

ultimate high has got to be riding illegal concrete barrels. The smooth and perfect transitions made skating totally effortless. Cesslides, thrusters and fakie ollies were a cakewalk. Adding to the pipe rush were open manholes at about 10 o'clock which created the possibility of a whole new repertoire of tricks such as rock'n'rolls, grinders and tail stalls — to mention only a few.

But all good things come to an end. Unfortunately, this end came all too soon. We were busted! During the guards' first rounds we were caught completely by surprise before we could find the limits of our imaginations. Skaters just don't rank above a security guard's job when it comes to the inevitable explanation about the why and wherefore of blatant trespassing. He could only shrug his shoulders and say, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to do this somewhere else." Which would have been nice, but 20' pipes just don't fit in a backpack. Only a sand dune away waves were creating a unique background sound for our session, creating flowing lines and rad heights. It was hard to believe that we were in Florida surrounded by perfect pipes.

As we walked away, beyond the fence, we noticed some factory-type printing on the outside of the pipes. We can't say WHAT cuz that's the password to an even more intense session. But stay tuned to the next issue for full coverage of our findings.

—Mike Folmer



10 o'clock rock, Mike Folmer.



"Adding to the pipe rush were open manholes at about 10 o'clock..."



OLLIE-AIR

Early Ollie madness by the originator of the move, Alan Gelfand-Clearwater Pro Open.



Bruce Walker

The ollie air is a very delicate maneuver that when executed properly looks almost effortless. Yet it is probably one of the most difficult tricks to wire, especially on vertical terrain. Ever since Alan Gelfand introduced the original frontside "ollie pop" a couple of years ago, many different variations of the move have been developed. In pro bowl-riding contests the ollie has been included in many a skater's bag of tricks. Frontside and backside versions are commonplace as well as canyon jump ollies and fakie ollies. Stevie Caballero's amazing 360° fakie ollie was considered by some to be the move of the 1980 Gold Cup Series. Allan Losi's fakie-foot-

plant ollie boggles the mind as attested by our cover shot.

Basically an aerial executed without the use of the hands, the skater literally "pops" the board off the tail or back wheels and flies through the air using only the legs and feet to guide the board to a safe landing. Because the hands are not used to grab the board, the skater's body is kept in more of an upright position, allowing him to contort and maintain balance and flow. This unique body placement enables the skater to "pop some air" without the aid of a vertical wall to serve as a launch pad. It wasn't long before flatland variations of the ollie were adapted for street

use. Skaters now hop effortlessly from street to sidewalk with just a tap of the tail. 180° and even 360° ollies from a stationary position may be added to spice up a freestyle routine.

There are still many more possibilities to be explored with the ollie air. In a sport which can be graceful and flowing and at the same time so radical, the ollie and all its variations probably represent the state of the art better than any other singular maneuver being done today. The shortest distance between two points is through the air—so go out and pop one today!



Although not exactly an Ollie air this high no-hands pop out by Robert Schlaefly commands the attention of Winchester's crew.

Brad Bowman was an early advocate of the Ollie. Unassisted air in Marina's keyhole.



Kevin Thatcher

The fakie 360 ollie is the ultimate expression of Alan Gelfand's original move. Stevie Caballero mid flight twist, Upland



WILD RIDERS OF BOARDZ

SCENE: AN ABANDONED GARAGE IN AN ALLEYWAY, DEEP IN THE HEART OF VARIO X. NACHO CRUZ IS SPINNING 360s IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM WHILE HE WAITS FOR THE REST OF THE VATOS BANDITOS. HE'S CALLED THEM TOGETHER TO TELL THEM ABOUT THE BANKS AT THE NEW SAVINGS & LOAN PARKING LOT. SUDDENLY THE DOOR FLIES OPEN...

"Nacho! What's up, man?" a gang member's voice cries.

"Mucho, Ese. Today we hit the Savings and Loan banks of the 'Keeler' type."

"MMMM-HMM. I checked them out early this morning, man. It's way malo, eh, or my name ain't 'Joker'!"

"Jes, I know," Nacho snarls. "We're gonna rip it to shreds — that and any Zekes that show up."

Joker replies, "Yeah, especially that bastard Blade."

Nacho gets a distant look in his eyes, which slowly changes to a glowing red, as if they were on fire. His face contorts in unison as he begins to speak.

"If he shows up, I will personally burn his life severely."

"Si Nacho, in a big way!" Joker says as he throws a few punches with enthusiasm.

Nacho's rage soon reduces to a calm. He closes his eyes and lets out a heavy sigh. His right hand pats his breast pockets for his cigarettes. Nothing. He looks down and sees them at his feet. "Must've dropped them while I was spinning 360s," he thinks to himself. "Damn, almost stepped on them." He pulls

NACHO CRUZ



one out and flicks it into the air and closes his eyes as it falls, catching the butt in his mouth. Joker already has a lighter out and lights Nacho's smoke. Nacho takes a long drag, then exhales smoke rings out of his nose and says, "So, Joker..." A loud, gravelly sound reverberates from his throat. He then spits out a large phlegm-ball that pegs a tomat on the head, which up to now had been asleep on a nearby window sill. "Donde estan los Vatos Banditos?" Joker ponders on this bit and then replies, "OH, they're down by the drugstore getting some paint."

"You Fool!" Nacho yells as he throws his cigarettes at Joker's face. "I don't want you stupid-faces doin' that crap."

"Nacho," Joker winces, as he rubs his cheek where the cigarette hit. "We're not gonna stiff it. We're gonna graffiti some walls over on Zeke's turf."

"Well, you should've said so in the first place, stupid-head."

"I'm sorry, Nacho."

"S.O.K.," he says as he pulls out another smoke.

Not long afterwards, the rest of the gang shows up. Seven in all. Some may not look like much, but all are tried and true skate fighters — who alone could give any handful of you readers a run for your money. Truly Vario's finest in the highest regard. Nacho briefs the group and instructs them to spread out into attack formation at the first sight of any Zekes. They then proceed to skate two miles to the Savings and Loan.

Meanwhile, in the back of the Savings and Loan...

"Eddy Boy!" gasps an astonished Bladel. "Isn't it gnarl?"

"Yeah, it's better than I thought," screams Eddy Boy. "LET'S SKATE!"

They attack the banks with vicious fury. A total no-holds-barred, full-on skate session. They use every move in the book as well as improvised moves.

"Hey, Bladel! Check out this 'MOFO' slide," Eddy Boy puffed as he converged on the embankment with blinding speed, executing the maneuver in a way that would even put its namesake to shame.

Blade looks on and then glances over to where the bank ends with a sheer 3 or 4 foot drop. Cars pull right up to the shelf and park.

"Hmmm, I wonder," Blade thinks to himself. "Hey, Eddy Boy, c'mere."

"Whatcha want, Blade?"

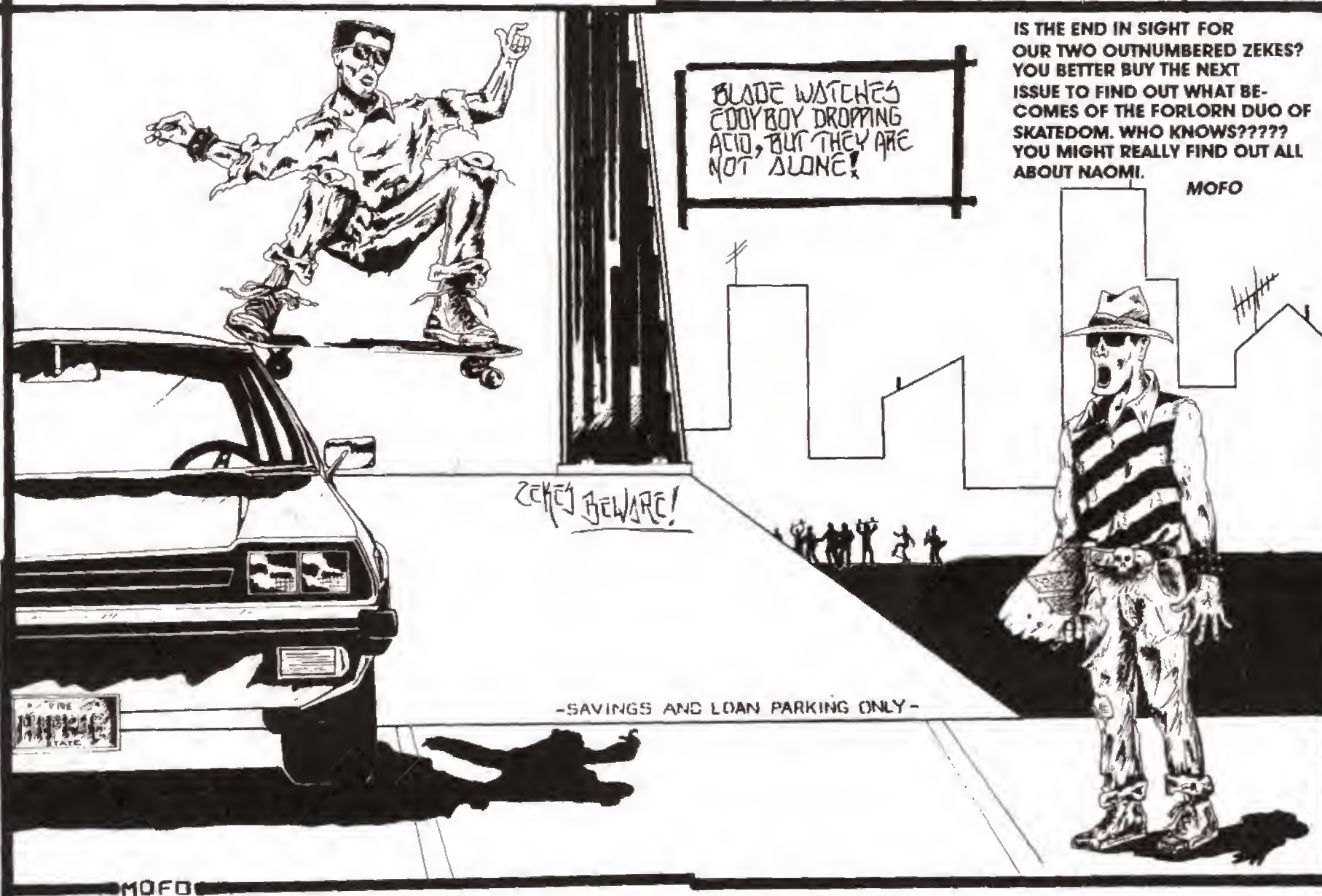
"Do you think that we could skate up the bank onto the deck and then onto the car's hood and do a gnarly windshield slide or



roof grinder fly-off to the pavement?" But before Blade could finish, Eddy Boy was already landing on the car's hood and committing himself to a full-on 1-2 slide to the roof of the car and then acid-dropping to ground zero.

Now, seeing this, Blade seemed to have lost all control of his jaw muscles. Eddy Boy wheeled over and said, "What do you think?" But Blade offered no reply. He just stared in the direction of the urethane streaked car. "BLADE," Eddy Boy's voice snapped, "I said, what'd you think?" "Gnarly," Blade's faintly recovering voice whispered. "Just gnarl."

Eddy Boy began to understand Blade's emotion and so his face beamed accordingly with pride. But, all good things must diminish. In the height of his joy he reverts to gloom because in the large windows of the Savings and Loan Building before him he sees the reflection of the Vatos Banditos entering the driveway behind him.



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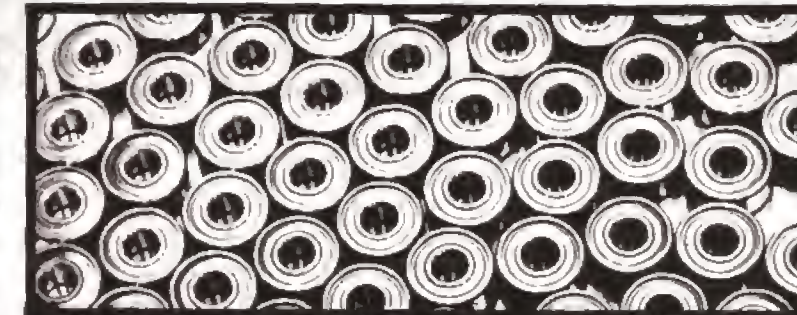
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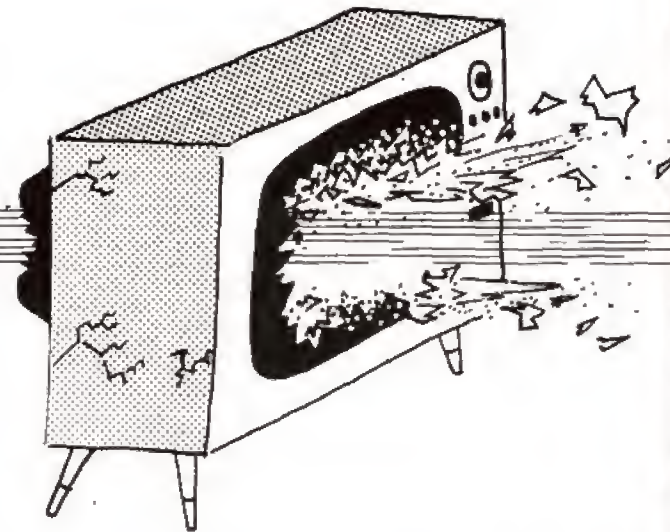
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LIFE BEYOND J.R.

We in Dallas have gone through our share of skateparks. In fact, the whole state of Texas has seen many parks come and go. Like other areas across the country, there is a resurgence of skateboarding in Dallas — and without the help of parks.

The Rat Hole is a prime example. This has been a gathering place for skaters for the last three years or so. The pool is located on the property of the Dallas/Fort Worth International Airport, so the likelihood of an apartment complex or shopping center being constructed in the pool area is very small. Since the summer the pool sports a new coat of paint as well as a drop-in ramp leading out of the shallow end. The pool has been thrashed, blasted with shotguns, had coping smashed and tossed into the bottom, and last but not least, survived a tractor being driven into it by local rednecks. Somehow, the Rat Hole has endured.

Street skaters of Dallas have virtually unlimited number of places to cruise. Shopping malls, streets, ditches and downtown parks are but a few of the spots frequented.

For freestyle, the Recreation Center at Bachman Lake is THE place to go. The relaxed atmosphere of the lake and the ultra-smooth cement on the shuffleboard court makes for a perfect place to work on skills. Travis de Arman, best known for his freestyle, has taken matters into his and his father's own hands by building one of the hottest backyard ramps around. Weekend sessions are always intense, but most of all, fun!

The future of skating is in the future. When compared to other sports, skateboarding is in its infancy. Be glad that we are in the formative years. Keep it up!

Jeff Newton



Dan Wilkes, aerial footplant. The Rathole.



Dan Wilkes, futuristic freestyle. Bachman Lake.



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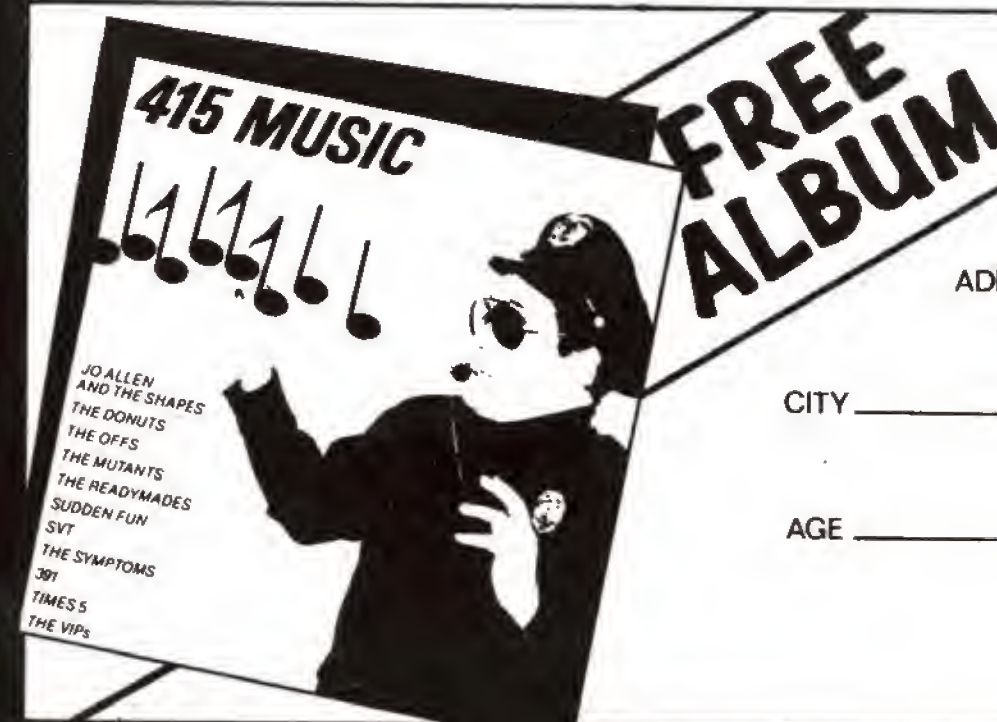
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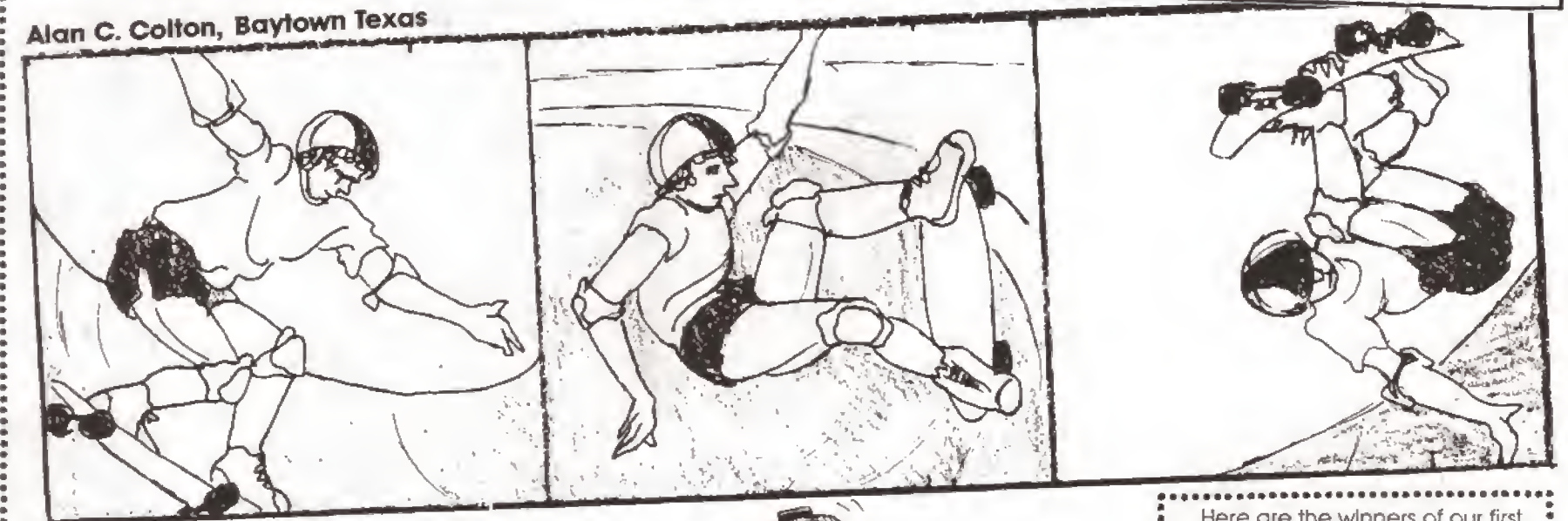
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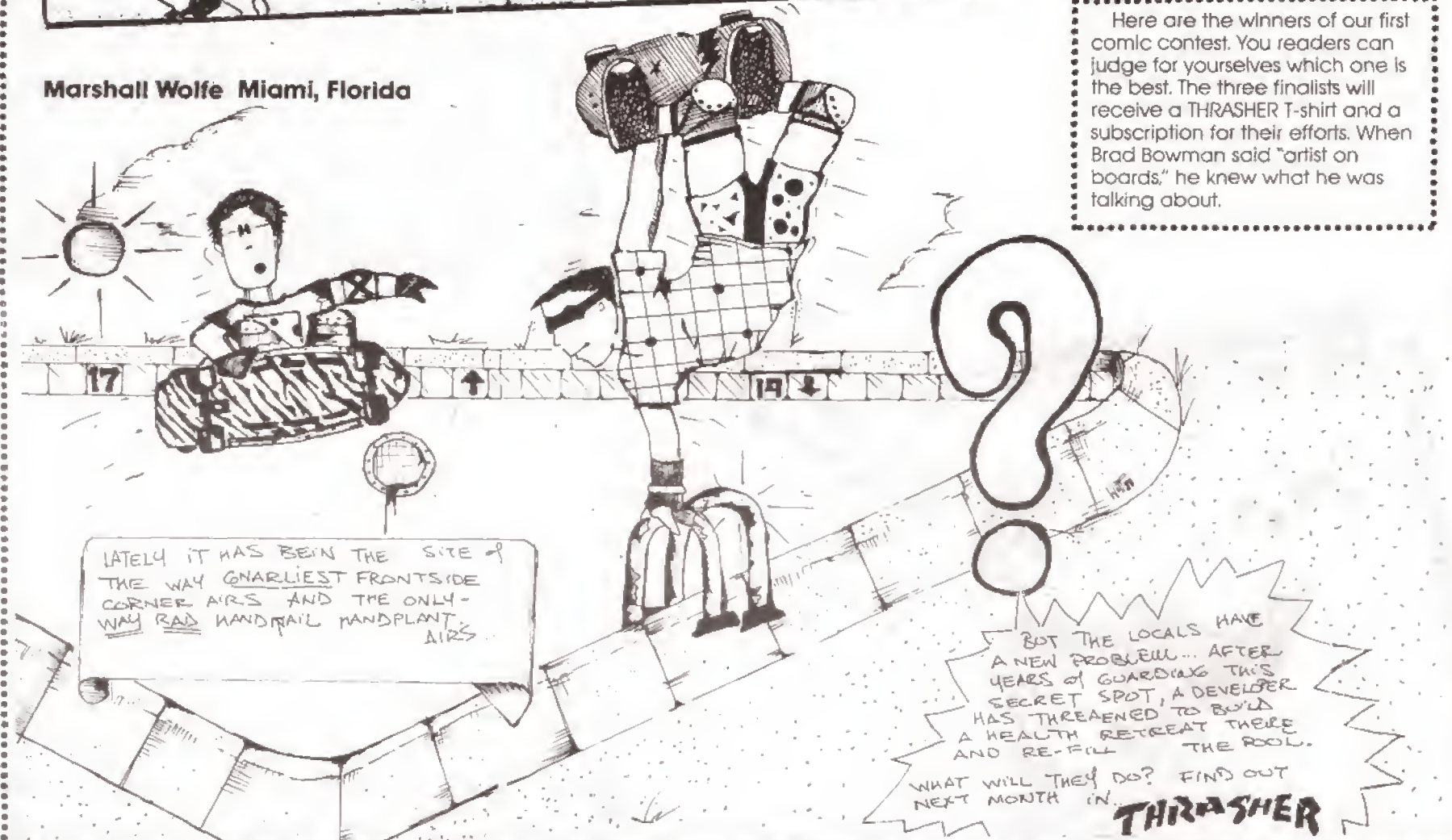
Jose Marin, Miami, Florida



Alan C. Colton, Baytown Texas



Marshall Wolfe Miami, Florida



ON BOARD

GLOSSARY OF SKATE TERMS

barrels—a full pipe, normally part of a drainage system, but really meant to be a skateboarding area.

bunk—not good—it may be a pool or a skateboard; as in, that pool is bunk.

crew—a group of skaters, three or more, who usually hang out, skate, party and clash with each other. A set; gang of skaters.

geek—a highly repulsive person, a pest; as in, you're a geek man, why don't you split.

lacerate—to literally tear apart a skate spot.

maxi—of the highest degree obtainable or allowed. A term used in the U.K. to describe the ultimate; as in, THRAASHER is a 'maxi' mag.

preppie—someone bound by a rigid code dedicated to immaculate orderliness in dress and behavior; for example, Debbie Boone in argyles.

scam—to receive products, coverage or favors without really being deserving of them. A popular activity amongst the professional ranks.

shred—the art of utilizing a skateboard to terrorize concrete environs; as in, he shredded those barrels.

sketch—to momentarily space-out; a mental or spophysical blunder, either while skating or otherwise. For example, mounting your trucks backwards.

wilson—a fall of major consequence, usually resulting in severe damage to one's body.

COMING EVENTS

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SKATELINE

Scottish Skateboard Association MAGAZINE



We want all you THRAASHER readers to know about the Scottish Skateboarding Association magazine, *Skateline*. It's been a part of the United Kingdom skate scene for a while now, primarily covering the action on the big island of Great Britain. *Skateline* also features correspondence from other countries, as exemplified by a recent issue which featured letters from Spain, Ireland, and New Zealand, as well as all over the United Kingdom. Each message expressed a lot of skate energy and an awareness of what's happening.

Although U.K. skaters are heavily influenced by their American counterparts, the energy is definitely all their own. Groups of skaters regularly travel long distances by bus and train in order to skate favorite parks. A new facility called "Rock 'n' Roll" has just been completed. Located in Livingston, about 30 miles from Glasgow, Scotland, it's a free park, and it boasts some of the most advanced design and construction to date in the United Kingdom.

Skateline covers park action in depth, not to mention downhill and slalom events which are very popular over there. Reports also depict a great deal of interest in half-pipe ramps, or "timber-ramps," as they are known. Apparently, many hard-core skaters living in outlying areas are taking matters in their own hands and building their own.

As with many European countries, skateboarding in the U.K. is appreciated and supported by the government in the form of grants which help out with competitions and park construction. Unfortunately, there seems to be a lack of cooperation between some of the sponsoring organizations, namely the English Skateboard Association and the Scottish Skateboarding Association, regarding the scheduling of some events. Hopefully, this waste of effort will be resolved so that the U.K. can enjoy a contest circuit similar to ASPO and Gold Cup.

If the enthusiasm and ability level described in *Skateline* are any indication, skateboarding will thrive in the U.K. for a long time to come. Write to *Skateline* in care of Dee and Iain Urquhart at 16 Scone Gardens, Edinburgh EH8 7DQ, Scotland, United Kingdom, with your questions and comments concerning the State of the Art of skateboarding.

-K.T.



FROM THE UNDERGROUND

The JAM

IN AMERICA



THE JAM

With their fifth album, *Sound Affects*, the Jam further transcend their Mod roots to produce a coherent, powerful statement about maturity and the individual's role in modern English society. The initial single, *Start!*, a #1 hit on the U.K. charts, may take its musical cue from the Beatles' "Taxman," but the urgency and call-to-arms is vintage Jam. Songs like "Pretty Green" and "That's Entertainment" deal with the issue of depression-economics in searing fashion with biting Paul Weller lyrics like "This is society/You can't do nothing, unless it's in the pocket" and "A police car and a screaming siren...Paint splattered walls and the cry of a tomcat...That's entertainment." For the first time, the Jam confront their own roles in the system with honesty and compassion. The trio shows its romantic side on love songs like "Monday," where Weller makes the important admission, "I will never be embarrassed about love again." On *Sound Affects*, the Jam show they have grown up, personally and musically, to become one of the most perceptive, important bands in the world.

The Jam have been together as an ensemble for almost eight years. Drummer Rick Buckler, 25, first got together with guitarist/songwriter Weller in the music room of their school when they were just 15, "jamming" on a bit of rock 'n' roll and the Jam was born. Eventually bassist Bruce Foxton, 25, and another friend who played lead guitar joined up, and the quartet began playing youth clubs in their hometown of Woking, England. At that time, Bruce played rhythm guitar and Paul played bass. A year later, after the band secured a series of dates in London, their lead guitarist left and the group became a trio, with Paul on Rickenbacker guitar and Bruce on bass.

Along with the Clash and the Sex Pistols, the Jam were one of the first of the new bands to come out of the burgeoning U.K. punk scene, and also one of the first to tour America, playing gigs at C.B.G.B. and the C.B.G.B. Theater before returning to headline the Palladium for the release of both *All Mod Cons* and *Setting Sons*. Their live shows are kinetic, exciting, precision bursts of solid r'n'r, with the trio demonstrating a tightness that can only come from experience. Robert Palmer of the *Times*

cited last year's Jam show at the Palladium as one of the best he'd seen. Although the first four albums, *In The City*, *This Is The Modern World*, *All Mod Cons* and *Setting Sons*, were universally praised by the critics, the Jam had some problems relating to American audiences and vice versa. "As far as we're concerned, if people accept us there, great," explains Weller about the Jam's American invasion, "but I'm not going to tour there six months of the year. It's just such a conservative country. I'm not willing to make the compromise. It's really easier for someone like Elvis Costello, because he's always had that Americanized sound anyway."

The Jam may well be the ultimate English rock 'n' roll band for the '80's, as they express the concerns of the motherland with almost too colloquial a bent. The band has even been accused of being a '60's nostalgia outfit, a label Weller vigorously disputes and perhaps dispels for all time with *Sound Affects*' virtuosity. "I mean, we're really inspired by certain aspects of the '60's, superficial things like clothes and music, but we updated that stuff for now, it's not just a revival. How can you revive something you don't even remember in the first place? I'm just as inspired by '80's people, contemporary bands, stuff like Bowie. I draw on influences from everybody."

The Jam have certainly matured from the full-tilt anger that characterized *In The City* to the eloquent compactness of tunes like "All Mod Cons," "English Rose," "The Place I Love," "Down In The Tube Station At Midnight," "Thick As Thieves," "Private Hell," "Monday," "But I'm Different Now" and "Man In The Corner Shop." *Sound Affects* continues this growth process.

As Paul Weller puts it himself, "Obviously, when we started off three and a half years ago, there was that anger of wanting to prove ourselves. I thought we had some great individual songs, like 'In The City,' which I could sing with conviction at the time. But, I really can't now because it would be dishonest. I've got to find a way of writing about things which really inspire me, but also remain honest to my fans and myself."

"Melody is very important to me, as a way of communicating more

than anything else. A good melody is a form or plane of communication which everyone can relate to. I've always been a Beatles fan and I also like the old Tamla and rock steady stuff. When I first started writing, it depended on what I was into that week. If I was listening to Otis Redding all week long, then I'd write an Otis Redding-type song, and so on."

"It sounds sort of corny, but I have to be inspired to write something. It's got to be something in everyday life, like people inspire me. There are so many ironies in life and I'm really in a fortunate position to sit back and be able to observe things. Being in the band really enables you to do that. Being caught up in this business for a start is pretty routine at times, but not as routine as going to a factory from nine to five. All you are surrounded by is the music business, and I ain't going to write about that."

"Unless a song's got some heart in it, it's pretty pointless anyway, so lately I've been starting to get the words together first. If I believe in a set of words, then I've got enough conviction to go and put a tune to it."

And those tunes have certainly proved successful. "Going Underground," a single released by the Jam in the U.K. last March, reached the #1 position its first week out, a feat unheard of since late 1973. Likewise with "Start," which also climbed to the top. In last year's *New Musical Express* Reader's Poll, the Jam earned the title of *Best Group*.

Sound Affects is another solid Jam effort, marking this talented trio's steady improvement from album to album. Above all, the LP should eliminate the confusion surrounding the band—this is no nostalgic look back, nor is it "too English" for American tastes, nor too raw. *Sound Affects* is, quite simply, yet another right-on glimpse at the modern world through the eyes and ears of young Paul Weller. It is honest, sincere, vulnerable, ambitious, provocative and power-packed with universal statements about what it means to live in this universe which often seems to be at odds with itself. The Jam have been ready for America for a long time. Let's hope we are finally ready for them....

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SKATEBOARD MAGAZINE



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Rich Rose

Street skating does have its hidden dangers. Steve Olson hooks up during an impromptu session on Foothill Blvd. in Upland.



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